

# Christianity Is Becoming A More And More Compelling Force Among The Africans

PROGRESS DURING LAST DECADE TREMENDOUS.  
GALANGUE, YOUNGEST STATION OF AMERICAN BOARD ON THE CONTINENT, NOW A THRIVING MISSION—MEMORIAL WARD IN HOSPITAL NOW PLANNED.

*Recorded*  
—0—+—31-31  
BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 30.—Because of her love of Africa, Dr. Pauline E. Dinkins of Selma, Alabama, recently sent \$500 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with which to erect in Galangue, West Central Africa, a memorial ward in the hospital now planned, which will become part of a fine mission station founded under the American Board and entirely manned by American Negroes.

This unit will be called "The Pauline Dinkins Maternity Home," and will be in memory of Dr. Dinkins' mother. Dr. Dinkins desired to go to Galangue as a medical missionary, but circumstances led her to Liberia instead. Then ill health forced her return to America. Now she continues her interest through the establishment of this hospital unit.

Eight years ago Galangue, the youngest station of the American Board in Africa, was founded by Rev. Henry Curtis McDowell of Epes, Alabama, now on furlough at 87 Sherman Avenue, Hartford, Conn. McDowell, with 12 native carriers at that time invaded virgin territory, staked out a site and began what has now become a thriving mission. There are 31 buildings of permanent construction assessed by the government at \$67,000.

The mission station includes a school, dormitories, kindergarten, day nursery, dispensary, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, tailor shop, shoe shop and a few miles away, a farm called "Elombo Farm," where Samuel B. Coles of Tilden, Alabama, is raising on 3,000 acres of land almost enough food to support the mission, and at the same time teaching the young Ovimbundu the art of productive farming.

There are now 27 regularly constituted out-stations connected with Galangue. An out-station is a little center a few miles away from the main mission station where Christian natives teach school, Bible, and give instruction in farming and other handicrafts. This type of work the Galangue missionaries wish to enlarge if they can secure funds.

The church at Galangue is thriving. It has its own pastors and supports itself. Each year 25 percent is added to what the various leaders, in consultation with the missionaries, estimate as their income. This they call an adventure in faith. "The remarkable thing is that never in our four years have we fallen short," says Mr. McDowell.

The other members of the mission, besides Rev. and Mrs. McDowell and Mr. and Mrs. Coles, are Dr. and Mrs. Aaron A. McMillan of Omaha, Nebraska. McMillan, a physician well established in Omaha, and for a time a member of the Omaha State Legislature, is now in Portugal, studying

Portuguese, which is the official language of Galangue. When he reaches the field he also will learn Umbundu, the native tongue of the Ovimbundu, which Coles and McDowell speak fluently. It is hoped that the hospital may be built by the time he reaches Galangue.

The witch doctor and secret societies flourish in Galangue. McDowell has met with many of the leaders and come to terms with them regarding the molestation of Christian Ovimbundu, but they still constitute a menace to Christian Africa and foster ill will and ignorance.

Among the Ovimbundu people of Angola Christianity is becoming more and more a compelling force, and its progress during the last decade has been tremendous," declares McDowell. "In the face of a general economic situation that is growing steadily worse, the native Christian, because of his training and new outlook upon life, invariably improves his economic status."

Changes in Africa these days, especially in Angola, are so rapid that McDowell marvels that in the attempt at adjustment the native is not swept off his feet.

"Missionaries invariably note greater changes in Africa after a furlough of 15 months than here in the United States after an absence of five years," he declares. "It is singularly fitting for American Negroes to assume responsibility for the Christianization of Africa," he adds. "It fits in with the scheme of things."

Mr. McDowell, in speaking of this work, points out that what is given to Galangue station is spent on the field and in active work, as there is no overhead expense, and that colored people, regardless of creed, are interesting themselves in Galangue because it offers the most immediate and practical opportunity for Negroes to constructively help Africa.

Galangue (pronounced Gay-lan-gay) has behind it the interest and support of such societies as the A. M. A. and the American Board, its administrative agency. It is attracting the attention of organizations like the Phelps Stokes Fund and outstanding educationalists like Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, formerly President of Massachusetts Agricultural College and Michigan State College and now working under the International Missionary Council as a specialist in rural problems on the mission field.

## AMERICAN NEGROES TAKE A STAKE IN AFRICA

*Herald*  
*Commercial Appeal*

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 22.—Because of her love for Africa, Dr. Pauline E. Dinkins, of Selma, Alabama, recently sent \$500 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with which to erect in Gal-

angue, West Central Africa, a memorial ward in the hospital now planned, which will become part of a fine mission station founded under the American Board and entirely manned by American Negroes.

This unit will be called "The Pauline Dinkins Maternity Home," and will be in memory of Dr. Dinkins' mother. Dr. Dinkins desired to go to Galangue as a medical missionary, but circumstances led her to Liberia instead. Then ill health forced her return to America. Now she continues her interest through the establishment of this hospital unit.

Eight years ago Galangue, the

youngest station of the American Board in Africa, was founded by Rev. Henry Curtis McDowell, of Epes, Alabama, now on furlough at 87 Sherman Avenue, Hartford, Conn. McDowell, with 12 native carriers at that time invaded virgin territory, staked out a site and began what has now become a thriving mission. There are 31 buildings of permanent construction assessed by the government at \$67,000.

The mission station includes a school, dormitories, kindergarten, day nursery, dispensary, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, tailor shop, shoe shop and a few miles away, a farm called "Elombo Farm," where Samuel B. Coles of Tilden, Alabama, is raising on 3,000 acres of land almost enough food to support the mission, and at the same time teaching the young Ovimbundu the art of productive farming.

**Give \$500.00 To African Hospital**  
*Savannah Tribune*  
**Dr. Dinkins Donates To Mother's Memory**  
*2-27-31*  
**A MATERNITY WARD**

**At Galangue Station Managed by Negroes**  
*Savannah, Ga*

Boston, Mass., Jan. 22.—Because of her love of Africa, Dr. Pauline E. Dinkins of Selma, recently sent \$500 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with which to erect in Galangue, West Central Africa, a memorial ward in the hospital now planned, which will become part of a fine mission station founded under the American Board and entirely manned by American Negroes.

This unit will be called "The Pauline Dinkins Maternity Home," and will be in memory of Dr. Dinkins' mother. Dr. Dinkins desired to go to Galangue as a medical



missionary, but circumstances led her to Liberia instead. Then ill health forced her return to America. Now she continues her interest through the establishment of this hospital unit.

Eight years ago Galangue, the youngest station of the American Board in Africa, was founded by Rev. Henry Curtis McDowell of Epes, Ala., now on furlough at 87 Sherman Ave., Hartford, Conn. McDowell, with 12 native carriers at that time invaded virgin territory staked out a site and began what has now become a thriving mission. There are 31 buildings of permanent construction assessed by the government at \$67,000.

The mission station includes a school, dormitories, kindergarten, day nursery, dispensary, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, tailor shop, shoe shop and a few miles away a farm called "Elombo Farm," where Samuel B. Coles of Tilden, Ala., is raising on 3,000 acres of land almost enough food to support the mission, and at the same time teaching the young Ovimbundu the art of productive farming.

There are now 27 regularly constituted out-stations, connected with Galangue. An out-station is a little center a few miles away from the main mission station where Christian natives teach school, Bible, and give instruction in farming and other handicrafts. This type of work the Galangue missionaries wish to enlarge if they can secure funds.

The church at Galangue is thriving. It has its own pastors and supports itself. Each year 25 per cent. is added to what the various leaders, in consultation with missionaries, estimate as their income. This they call an adventure in faith. "The remarkable thing is that never in our four years have we fallen short," says Mr. McDowell.

The other members of the mission, besides Rev. and Mrs. McDowell and Mr. and Mrs. Coles, are Dr. and Mrs. Aaron A. McMillan of Omaha, Nebraska. McMillan, a physician well established in Omaha, and for a time a member of the Omaha State Legislature, is now in Portugal studying Portuguese, which is the official language of Galangue. When he reaches the field he also will learn Umbundu,

the native tongue of the Ovimbundu, which Coles and McDowell speak fluently. It is hoped that the hospital may be built by the time he reaches Galangue.

The witch doctor and secret societies flourish in Galangue. McDowell has met with many of the leaders and come to terms with them regarding the molestation of Christian Ovimbundu, but they still constitute a menace to Christian Africa and foster ill will and ignorance.

"Among the Ovimbundu people of Anglo Christianity is becoming more a compelling force, and its progress during the last decade has been tremendous," declares McDowell. In the face of a general economic situation that is growing steadily worse, the native Christian, because of his training and new outlook upon life, invariably improves his economic status.

Changes in Africa these days, especially in Angola, are so rapid that McDowell marvels that in the attempt at adjustment the native is not swept off his feet.

"Missionaries invariably note greater changes in Africa after a furlough of 15 months than here in the United States after an absence of five years," he declared. "It is singularly fitting for American Negroes to assume responsibility for the Christianization of Africa," he adds. "It fits in with the scheme of things."

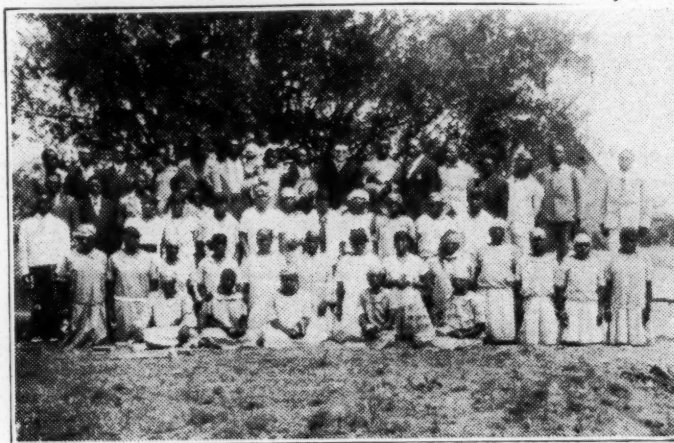
Mr. McDowell, in speaking of this work, points out that what is given to Galangue station is spent on the field and in active work, as there is no overhead expense, and that colored people, regardless of creed, are interesting themselves in Galangue because it offers the most immediate and practical opportunity for Negroes to constructively help Africa.

Galangue (pronounced Gay-lan-gay) has behind it the interest and support of such societies as the A. M. A. and the American Board, its administrative agency. It is attracting the attention of organizations like the Phelps Stokes Fund and outstanding educationalists like Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, formerly president of Massachusetts Agricultural College and Michigan State College and now working under the International Missionary Council as

a specialist in rural problems on the mission field.

## MUTAMBARA GIRLS' SCHOOLS

There is a band of fifty people in the Volunteer Service group, some boarding boys and girls and the rest Christians, who live on the mission and in nearby villages. They go out two by two, and usually services are held in five villages each Sunday. The men go to far away places, and the girls to nearby homes, urging the people to accept Christ. They take Bible pictures which interest the children. One Sunday a missionary was visiting villages with two girls when they came quickly upon a beer drink. Many of the people were polite enough to stop digging and drinking to have service. An hour later, the girls were laughing as school girls do, and the missionary asked what the joke was. They said,



STUDENT VOLUNTEERS MUTAMBARA

"Didn't you see those boys running for the bush when we came up to the crowd? Well, we recognized them and they ran because they knew if we saw them at a beer drink and hoeing on Sunday, we wouldn't allow them to write us letters." The teacher's heart rejoiced to see the knowledge they had of right and wrong.

Many village churches are founded by volunteers first awakening interest. Chakohwe and Nenohwe were visited for years. Then the people asked for a teacher, built a church and raised money to pay the teacher's salary. It is a joy to think that volunteers from Mutambara inspired Christian communities. For years we had only a tiny school at Dunhu. Many Sundays volunteers walked twelve miles there and back to preach. Now the people have built a church and a teacher's house and have fifty children in school. The people support their own pastor-teacher; and on Sunday he has a crowd in the church. Other fields are sending out their own volunteers. The Nyambeya church is sending volunteers to Upper Nyambeya where there is no church and few Christians. Last week a letter came

saying the people were asking for volunteers to come every Sunday. Link by link, the gospel message takes fire and spreads.

Vol. 21, no. 2  
The other day a volunteer went to Mutsiabako, where we used to have school. When he came home that Sunday evening he said, "The church is falling down, and many children should be in school. Twelve girls have gone to live bad lives." Could you have seen the face of that man as he told the sad story, you would realize the tragic fate of the village. Volunteers will go there, and urge them to sell enough grain from their meager supply to hire a teacher. Our volunteers work here at Mutambara. They found on the school register the children who come to school but not to church. They won this group to the Master, by urging them to the church and then to Christ. Many are coming as a result of this effort.

## Honor Memory of Faithful Servant

2-28-31  
Tablet to Dr. Livingstone's

African Helper  
Chicago, Ill.

LONDON, Eng., Feb. 25.—At the quaint old Moravian chapel in Fetter Lane, which has been scheduled as one of England's "ancient monuments," there was recently on view a brass tablet, the gift of the Moravian Missionary Society of Winston-Salem, N. C., to be erected in Africa in memory of Jacob Wainwright, the African servant of David Livingstone, who served the great missionary to the last.

The memorial records in simple words the story of "the faithful servant of David Livingstone" who passed in 1888. The tablet, which weighs 95 pounds, is being taken back to Africa by Dr. Keeyill, an English Moravian missionary, who said that it will be placed on a cement pillar or plinth of Urambo during the year.



# RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

## Schweitzer—His Black Brother's Keeper

### BARNSTORMING FOR GOD!

It would hardly be guessed of one of the world's greatest organists.

Yet that is what Albert Schweitzer does when he comes out of Africa to raise money for his work among the Negroes—barn storms for God through Europe.

This man, an authority on, and an interpreter of, Bach, who has stirred thousands with his music in Westminster Abbey, in Paris, in Berlin, who is learned in the arts, and an authority on religious subjects, who is a surgeon and a physician, refuses to be anything more than "a poor Negro's doctor" in French Equatorial Africa.

And once the French made him a prisoner of war—this man who by the accident of birth was an Alsatian and a German subject, but who actually was but a simple servant of humanity.

Bishop Barnes of Birmingham calls him one of the world's greatest living men. He had the musical world of Europe at his feet, but he chose to go to Africa, to pit himself against pestilence, suffering, ignorance, for the Negroes' sake.

One has only to read the story of him by Hubert W. Peet, in *The Christian Herald*, to learn that Crusaders still ride.

Son and grandson of Protestant ministers, Albert Schweitzer was born in Kayserberg, in Upper Alsace. As a boy he always championed the unfortunate. Sickness and misery always wrenched his heart, and when he snuggled down between the blankets at night, he said a little prayer of his own: "And Heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from evil, and let them sleep in peace."

Then there was his music. Suffice it to say here that at sixteen a teacher caught a flash of his genius, and the boy progressed until Charles Marie Widor, the great Widor of Paris, taught him all that the teacher knew himself.

At twenty-three, Albert Schweitzer was a doctor of philosophy, at twenty-eight organist to the Bach Society in Paris and to the Orfeo Catala in Barcelona. "Europe," we read, "came to look upon him as their greatest authority in the playing and con-

structing of organs. He wrote a life of Bach. He had arrived."

But one day the infinite sadness in a Negro's face in stone caught his eye. He resolved to study medicine, and in four years he was graduated. He and his wife, a trained nurse, went to Africa, and the writer tells us:

"When he got off the boat at Lambarene, he had as capital: a patch of forest (gift of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society); a piano in a zinc-lined case (gift of the Bach Society in Paris, and his one great link with the life he had left behind); a heart of oak, and God.

"He had, also, the suspicion of the natives of Africa. These black men had seen whites before: they had been robbed of their timber and their oil, their freedom and their very lives, by the pale-faced men from across the sea. And here was another. . . .

"But almost before the ground was cleared for his new hospital, the missionary had dispelled their suspicions. The impression that he was an exploiter of their resources evaporated like snowballs in a noonday sun.

"He cured a little boy of sleeping-sickness, and the mother went wild with joy.

"He cured a hostile tribesman of dysentery, and the man sang his praises all up and down the Ogowe River.

"The news spread like a prairie fire: 'So away he went. Up and down and a white man, who said that Jesus had across Europe; lecturing in Scandinavia; sent him, had come to Lambarene, and playing at the Abbey; giving concerts in he could put you to sleep, and when you Germany, France, Italy. People listened woke up, you were well. Fearful, outraged to him, loved him, gasped, and saw him Africa took heart—and came. God was on 'Barnstorming for God,' he turned playing His melody—on men of ebony! their suspicions (he was still German, then) into love.

"It sounds easy. It wasn't. They had a lot of trouble at first.

"The patients persisted in eating the else to do, he published two more books: 'The Decay and Restoration of Civilization,' and 'Civilization and Ethics.'

it was, if they liked the fragrance of it, "He scraped together every cent he could get; then he caught the first boat for Africa.

"Then there was the matter of equipment. Surgical tools rust quickly in the jungle. Ether was hard to keep; and they had no place to operate. The only building they had in those early days was the Doctor's bungalow.

"But up on the hill above was a chicken-coop. They operated in that. An old camp-bed was the operating-table; most of the dirt they swamped with whitewash.

"There was plenty of overhead lighting, the roof was full of holes. The Doctor had to stop, whenever it rained, and bandage his patient till it was over."

NEVERTHELESS, he became a victim of the war, and was imprisoned by the French as an "enemy alien," he who was alien to nothing but human misery.

"But the minute they let him out of the camp in the Pyrenees, Schweitzer was at



Courtesy of The Christian Herald

### A Barnstormer for God

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, one of the world's greatest organists, who uses his genius only that he may be "a poor Negro's doctor" in Africa

HE got the shock of his life at Lambarene; the jungle had reconquered his clearing; white ants had eaten up his hospital. And to top it all, a plague of dysentery had broken out. But—

"Schweitzer smiled, and took off his coat.

"He needed more land; he got it—from his late jailers, the French Government. He cleared that and his old site with only his convalescent black friends to help him.



# White Missionary Calls for American Negroes to Heed Message of Africans

Speaker at Nazarene Congregational Church  
Points to Natives' Spiritual Qualities as  
Worthy of Emulation by Others

Africa has a message of spiritual and cultural understanding that the American Negro could learn from the "Motherland of the Negro" if he were not too proud with a false pride, a veteran white missionary told members of the Nazarene Congregational Church in Brooklyn Sunday morning.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Curtis McDowell, missionary to Angola, addressed the congregation at their church, Grand avenue and Lefferts place.

"After 13 years in Africa I am returning for five more," he declared, "and when I come back again I hope that God will have so humbled you by depression or other means that you will be willing to listen to Africa's message."

"For the 'dark continent' has an understanding of the spiritual values, of the finer things of life to which you would do well to hearken."

The natives with whom he worked in Angola set as their standard of civilization the getting along with those about them and fitting into the general social scheme without fighting, he said.

"Which would make it difficult," he said, "for one to prove to them that some sections of Europe were civilized. I found on discussing this conception of civilization with them that my description of civilization would be an enumeration of material things, of clothes, of modern inventions, of customs."

"With the Africans these things do not count for very much as long as a man can get on with his neighbors."

A thanksgiving pageant by 100 women of the church in connection with the raising of a large offering was held Sunday night. The Rev. Henry Hugh Proctor, pastor, announced a similar pageant would be put on by the men later.

Louisiana Colored Girl  
Missionary Appointed  
To Post in Bolivia

reception Thursday night Dec. 17. She sails from New Orleans Dec. 23 for Bolivia to which country she has been appointed missionary. Miss Allen is the first person of the race to be sent as a missionary by the Methodist church to any country except Africa, the homeland, and the incident is looked upon as of significance to the Negro race. The reception will be held at Wesley, once a slave church, now to write a new chapter in its already unique history by saying bon voyage to this missionary. Bishop R. E. Jones is heading the movement and is sponsoring a drive to raise a thousand dollars to be known as the Allen missionary fund to defray the expenses of the trip.

Miss Allen is a graduate nurse of Flint-Goodridge and did post work in New York last summer.